

evening, but as the night wore away the insidious something that steals through one's system after repeated iterations to the white-aproned monarch to "fill 'em up again," began to tell on the mutes. Their fingers began to grow "thick" and did not readily respond to their owner's will as was their wont in periods of sobriety. Toward midnight it became plainly apparent that their artificial source of expressing their thoughts was losing its integrity, also its orthography. This fact pleased the mutes. They looked as if they would like to whoop a few times in defiance of the police and the public. But as this pleasure was denied them, they pounded the bar and nodded to the bartender to fill the glasses again. But the deaf-mute humanity wears out the same as the other kind, and shortly before dawn stole down from the Sni hills they dropped off into sound and unbroken slumber. Then only they became audible. Their sleeping could be heard.

French Marriages.

When a French bride marries she does not assume the hymenial white satin, as is our custom, if her family or her husband's are in mourning, but goes to the altar in simple white muslin, as M. Ernest Carnot's bride did a few weeks ago. Though in view of the late president's tragic death it seemed somewhat soon for the wedding, Mme. Carnot herself wished that it should take place, and it accordingly did, but with so much privacy that not even a single relative, except those immediately connected with the young people, were informed. The bride's family wore costumes of pale gray and violet, while the Carnot ladies were, of course, in deepest mourning. The bridegroom's mother appeared deeply moved during the service, and an air of silence and sadness hung over the bridal. Mlle. Chris was an especial favorite with the late M. Carnot and is extremely pretty. She had no ornaments, except a bouquet of white roses, with some fastened into her simple dress. The Lady chapel of St. Pierre de Passy, in which the marriage took place, was adorned with similar flowers, but there were none in any part of the church.

Treasure Seekers in Florida.

It is remarkable how many people live in Florida for no other purpose than hunting hidden treasure, says the Cincinnati Inquirer. From the stories told it would seem that there must be millions of dollars in Spanish doubloons hidden along the Florida coast. Some of these have actually been found, just enough to give zest to the search. Capt. Kidd is supposed to have planted a few hundred thousand dollars down there, and a number of other pirates used Florida soil as a deposit bank. There are people who have lived there for twenty years in order to find treasure, and have impoverished themselves in their search for this vast wealth. There have never been any very large finds, but a number of small ones, and the belief that there are large sums hidden seems to be universal.

FEARED THE CAMERA.

Naval Students Who Were Disciplined by the Snap-Shot Process.

The "snap-shot" camera has been jeered at and sneered at in many places and at many times, and the "camera fiend" has been execrated for his crimes, but the camera sometimes performs the functions of a disciplinarian with success. A naval officer once found it more efficacious than any article of war and more persuasive than court martials. It was while he had under his tender care Annapolis cadets.

There was one thing that this officer could not teach the youngest men in the naval academy, says the New York Tribune, and this was not to squirm and start and jump and plug their ears with their fingers when the heavy cannon were fired. It was of no use to argue with them; when the guns began to roar they forgot the arguments. Pleadings were in vain and reproofs were useless. It was highly ridiculous and anything but martial to have a lot of young men whose profession it is to make war when war is needed act like schoolgirls when the sea artillery was in noisy operation.

Finally the officer hit upon a plan. He had a camera "trained" upon his gallant cadets without their knowing it, and then he ordered broadside after broadside to be fired. The noise was thunderous, and the actions of the cadets were as usual most undignified and most unwarlike. A few days later some excellent photographs of the "young-men-afraid-of-a-noise" were hung in prominent positions to be a perpetual reproach to those who plugged their ears. Those photographs did their work well. The next time the cannon roared the cadets stood like statues carved from stone, petrified with their fear of the "deadly camera" and its brutal frankness.

HE TALKED TO THE MAID.

The Offense for Which the Mistress Cuttingly Scolded a Caller.

A man of the world was wont to call, not infrequently, upon a young widow, says the Illustrated American. One day the pretty maid at the door announced that her mistress was out of town. On some pretext, however, the man entered. He also talked to the maid. Some days later, knowing that the lady had returned, he called again. He was a bit surprised when a strange maid met him at the door and showed him to the little reception-room. When she carried his card up the stairs he reflected that she was not so dainty as her predecessor, and she was not so pretty, though her uniform was similar and her cap was as stiff and her apron as spotless. He was realizing how much more the woman is to the dress than the dress is to the woman, when the maid returned and announced promptly: "Mrs. — is not receiving." The man of the world bit his lip—it was the first time he had ever been denied admittance—and moved toward the door. The maid held it open for him, and as he passed through it she blurted out:

"And she says, if you please sir, the maids receive in the kitchen, sir."

Charitable Birds.

There is a strong feeling of pity among birds, and sometimes they are as charitable as men. A pair of robins had their nest in a fence near a house, while a pair of catbirds had built theirs in a bush close by. The two pairs hatched out their young at the same time, and for awhile everything went along smoothly. Then it was noticed that the robins disappeared entirely, and the conclusion was that they had been killed. The young robins, dependent on their parents for food, appeared to be starving, and when the catbirds came with a worm or bit of food for their young the robins would thrust up their heads and make a great noise. Presently it was observed that the catbirds were feeding the hungry orphans, and every night, while one of the catbirds covered its own young, its mate performed the same service for the little robins. In this way both broods were reared, the robins growing up as strong and lively as though they had been cared for by their own parents.

WERE BOUND TO PLAY POKER.

Newspaper Men, Out of Cash, Put Up Their Brains for Stakes.

Poker has been played with everything from pea beans to a hundred-dollar bill, but perhaps the most curious commodity that ever passed over the green cloth occurred the other night among a party of newspaper men, says the New York Herald.

Somebody suggested the evening hours would pass more quickly if all hands indulged in the national game. Every one was willing, but when an account of stock was taken it was discovered that there was only about one dollar and fifty cents in the crowd, and every one objected to playing for "wind." After a little discussion some one had an idea, which he put in these words: "Let's appoint a committee of two as judges, then for an hour let us sit down and write short stuff for the Sunday paper. Everything that the committee agree upon as being good enough to be printed shall be accepted as cash and can be paid in as equivalent for a stack of chips."

This idea met with instant favor, and for an hour or more nothing could be heard in that room but silence. At the end of that time each one produced his quota of alleged interesting stories, and the committee to which it was submitted, reading it all with a lenient eye, passed nearly the whole lot.

Then the game began and furnished the curious spectacle of men opening jack pots for a quarter of a column and anteing with a "stick," with a fixed limit of a column, including the head.

Of all the newspapers, big and little, good and bad, published throughout the world more than half are printed in the English language. Think of that!